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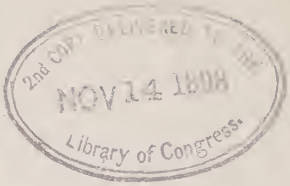
AT THE EVENING HOUR

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD LL.D.



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AT THE EVENING HOUR

Simple Talks on Spiritual Subjects

BY

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.

President of Lafayette College

PHILADELPHIA

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PREFACE.

THESE little papers are chiefly selections from the addresses made to the students of Lafayette College at the Sunday afternoon service.

They have also in most cases been published in such papers as the *Sunday School Times*, the New York *Observer*, and the *Presbyterian Messenger*. They are now published in the hope that they may bring a message of cheer to others who are seeking to live for Christ and his service.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, January, 1898.

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"Let Him Who Loves Me Follow Me."

IN the early years of the sixteenth century, Italy, under the influence of her renewed youth, had reached the zenith of her greatness in literature and art, but was fast gravitating to the nadir of public spirit. While Leonardo depicted the Last Supper of the Lord on earth, and Raphael his Transfiguration, while Michelangelo painted the mingled sweetness and sorrow of the Last Judgment, and Bramante planned the world's greatest cathedral, the popes who were their patrons filled the church with scandals, and the princes who were their natural rulers destroyed the privileges of the people, or invited foreign foes to aid them in their treasonous ambitions.

At length the French and the Spaniards occupied the whole of Italy, and in the early

part of the year 1512 the question of supremacy was fought out between these powers beneath the historic walls of Ravenna.

The Spaniards were the seasoned soldiery of Gonsalvo da Cordova, the "Great Captain," the veterans who had won the lovely city of Granada and the vine-clad slopes of Andaluz from the Moor, and had overrun the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The French were but a broken remnant of the brilliant army which Louis XII. had sent to maintain his rights in Italy, but for a moment it was galvanized into activity by the gallantry of its general, the youthful Gaston de Foix, the nephew of the king. Scarcely more than a boy in years, he had but recently come into Italy; but his vigor and energy, the reputation which he had already won, and the spell of his personality, had in a moment revived the hopes of the army, and enabled him to assume the offensive.

The battle was waged with varying fortune. At length, when the triumph of the French seemed assured, there came a change in the tide of battle. Two battalions of the Spanish infantry, the wonder of the age,

were about to break through their all but victorious foemen. The young general determined to avert this, and prepared to lead a charge. Those about him strove to prevent so hazardous an adventure, but in vain. As they still urged him, pressing round him on the field, he suddenly broke from them, crying, "Let him who loves me follow me!" and spurred upon the foe. For a moment they paused. Then every gentleman of France, every battle-scarred mercenary, every stout burgher and peasant pikeman, followed where he led, with that brave call, "Let him who loves me follow me!" ringing in his ears.

The Spaniards, not used to falter, faltered at that shock; the lions of Aragon and the castles of Castile gave way before the lilies of France, and the trumpets and clarions pealed forth gladly the notes of triumph. But the noblest lay round their leader slain. They had heard his call, "Let him who loves me follow me!" and they had followed him to "death and glorious victory." They followed him, even unto death, for the love they bore him. They followed him, they

died with him, though with them perished the cause they served.

Louis, when he heard the story of that fatal field, exclaimed that he would rather have lost Italy than that gallant boy. Well might he say so, for in losing him he lost Italy.

Gaston de Foix knew, as he faced that serried row of lances, that there was not a man among those who bade him stay but would follow where he led. He knew, not by any calculation of the doctrine of probabilities, not from any deduction from a large number of observed instances justifying a general law, but from an inborn instinct of command, that he held the hearts of those men in his hand; that, when he conjured with the spell of the love they bore him, he used no doubtful magic. When, above the tumult of the battle, rose that day the notes of his young voice, strident and clear, "Let him who loves me," each man who heard him knew that they were a personal appeal to him. None stopped to parley, none to ask again. They loved him, therefore they followed where he led.

Across the centuries comes the call of one who hath loved us unto the death, bidding us follow him. We have not loved him first, but he has loved us, even from the foundation of the world. He saith to us, "If any man will come after me, let him . . . take up his cross, and follow me."

Who is this that speaks to us thus? He is the Captain of our salvation. His right to our allegiance is absolute, because he is the Son of God. But he does not base his call on this claim, which he might justly assert, but on the character of the service. It is a good service, a service in itself joyous, in which those who are employed are ennobled by the cause they serve, and in which victory is sure.

The men who followed Gaston de Foix on that memorable day knew that they were doing a foolhardy thing; they did not know that it would be a thing remembered through many generations. They knew it was to end in almost certain death; they did not know that it was to be crowned with glory. They followed, not for glory, nor for the fruits of victory, but for the love of him who called

them. Theirs was a hard service, and its reward was death.

Those who follow Christ know that they are doing the wisest possible act; they are able to read in the countless examples of men in many generations the results of such a following of him. They know that it means effort, constant, unfailing courage, boldness, faithfulness. They know that it means the giving up of all sinful pleasures; but they know also that it means, even in this world, triumph; that the Christian wins from all good men respect and confidence, and wrings from bad men even a grudging, but no less real, trust and acknowledgment of qualities which they do not covet, yet must needs admire; and, at the end, fearless death, and, as we confidently believe, endless life beyond the grave. The Christian does not need to take thought how he shall die bravely, for he who has lived well need take no thought how he shall die.

Gaston de Foix appealed to his followers without doubting their willingness to follow. He did not wait to see if they would follow,

but plunged into the fray. He is unfit to lead men who has no confidence in his powers of leadership. So with our Lord. He made his appeal. He proceeded with the work of atonement, and the world's history since he hung on the cross of Calvary is the proof of the power of that appeal, of the capacity for leadership in him who is our Leader.

"Follow me." These words were constantly on the Lord's lips. "Follow me." Whither? Through sorrow and pain and denial, through self-sacrificing labors even unto death; yes, it may be through all these but to himself, and God and heaven at last.

But is this so hard? Christ says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Many of life's noblest have suffered, and yet have freely chosen "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." For the wages of sin is death, but the reward of them who diligently follow Christ is life everlasting.

Through nineteen Christian centuries the

call of Christ has drawn men to him. "Let him who loves me follow me."

If there had been some coward in the French army that day before Ravenna, he would have said in his heart, "No; I do not love him," and would have stayed behind. He might have found excuse enough in quibbles: "How can I love one I have only seen a few times, and at a distance?" "How can a poor soldier love a powerful prince?" But they were brave and loyal men. "Let him who loves me" each knew was meant for him.

But Christ appeals to us to come also because he has loved us. It is not only, nor chiefly—our love for him, but his love to us, that he appeals to. He is ready to receive all who will come unto God by him, and is willing to give us the strength wherewith to come. The power of his Spirit is sufficient for us.

Loyalty to Evil.

"Faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."—*The Idyls of the King.*

AMONG the great movements of modern times none has held the attention of men with greater fixity than the rise of the Dutch Republic, and few conflicts have displayed in greater contrast the highest excellences and the greatest defects in human nature. Among those who stand out in strong relief upon the dark background of its earlier years no one is more conspicuous than Count Lamoral of Egmont. He was one of the most striking examples of the nobility of the last age of the Renaissance. It was his particular glory to have recovered from France by two splendid victories at St. Quentin and Gravelines all that Charles V. had lost during the closing years of his reign. But his master, Philip II., never

regarded him with that admiration and gratitude which was his due, and his great rival, the Duke of Alva, felt for him a hostility which was only increased by the splendor of these victories. But the Netherlands estimated them at their real worth and valued them the more that by them these loyal provinces had displayed before the world their right to rank in military glory with the more lauded chivalry of Spain. In the freshness of youth, of the highest connections, of large wealth and influence, Egmont was sincerely devoted to the Roman Catholic Church. But he combined with this devotion a yet higher devotion to humanity and Christianity. When, therefore, Philip began by one instrument and another to press with devilish ingenuity a hated inquisition upon his devoted subjects in the Netherlands, Egmont, together with the abler, but not as yet so distinguished, Prince of Orange and Admiral Count Horn, began to resist every encroachment upon the privileges of his native land. As we look back upon him we are drawn to him by the beauty and nobility of his

life, by the simplicity and earnestness of his character, not less than by the ardor and courage of his generalship. Around him, too, he gathered in his splendid mediæval castle a family which won the affections and deserved the devotion of all who knew them. The country came to look upon him as one of the three men in whom they could most implicitly trust. Egmont, Orange, Horn—these were the men who were at once patriots, patient and penetrating, and counselors, calm and courageous; these were the men who drove Cardinal Granville with his hated inquisition back to Burgundy; these were the men who paralyzed the arm of the Duchess of Parma and penetrated the mask of Philip; these were the men who in triumph or in woe could be trusted and could be followed; but Egmont first, Egmont most.

Nevertheless, when the time came for Egmont to go as ambassador to Spain to try to win from Philip some relaxation of his policy, he faltered and began to fall away, thinking in his heart "The king's favor is better than life," and so to prove

his loyalty to his sovereign he at length consented to sacrifice both his duty and his popularity, both his reputation and his future, that he might say that he was loyal to a fault. It was Egmont alone, of the noble three, who sacrificed the courage of his convictions to his desire to serve his king; it was Egmont alone who agreed to sacrifice innocent victims to Philip's blood-thirsty vindictiveness. As we now contemplate him at this epoch we may weep for the man who has forgotten what is the highest loyalty; but we cannot but see that in him Philip has found the very pattern of what a loyal subject should be.

It was at this very time that men began to warn him that Philip purposed to purchase satisfaction for the outbreaks in the Netherlands with his blood. This information Orange gave, and told him what was the true state of the king's mind toward them all. But Egmont only laughed at him. Did he not have perfect knowledge of his own loyalty? did not the world ring with the proofs which he had given of his devotion? On every hand men began to

warn him, to urge on him that he should betake himself to flight; to point out that loyalty to such a man as Philip was equivalent to selling his soul to death. But still conscious of the rectitude of his purpose, conscious of the greatness of his services, he laughed them to scorn. At length the brutal Alva came with his splendidly equipped army to bridle these rebels. Once more men warned Egmont to beware. But Egmont mounted his horse and rode forth to offer Alva the greeting which the king's representative deserved. Alva mocked at him as he appeared—Alva, who hated the man because of the laurels which adorned his brow.

With Spanish treachery, Alva, having once got him in his power, held him with deceitful pretenses of doing him honor, but over and over again Spaniard and Netherlander gave to Egmont warnings that he should not trust the wily prince or his willing tool. At length, one day while he sat at dinner with Alva's son, the Prior of St. John, and a number of gentlemen, there came an invitation from Alva to meet him at his house at

a later hour on the same afternoon. As the Prior read the invitation he leaned over and whispered to Egmont: "Count, fly instantly; mount your fleetest horse and cross the frontier or you are lost." Trembling with emotion Egmont rose and left the room, but in an adjoining chamber he was led to consider that his flight might seem a confession of guilt, a confession that he had done something which his conscience now accused him of as wrong, and putting away from him all thought of flight he laughingly returned to the company and proceeded with them to the palace of the duke. In an hour he was a prisoner immured in a chamber to which the light of day was never admitted, and from which he never passed, not even to the mockery of a trial, but to perish upon the scaffold. He was never persuaded till the last moment that the king could find anything which would lead him to order his execution. His last words were words of protestation of his loyalty to his king.

Every man who reads the story of Count Egmont is filled with wonder at the fatuity

of his faith in so treacherous a prince as Philip. Egmont saw on every hand examples of innocent men who suffered for no other reason than that they stood in Philip's way; for no other reason than that they possessed something which the king craved. Yet he persisted in trusting him, condemning his life-long friend, the astute and able Prince of Orange, in that he turned away from the king and led the way to liberty and life. While men condemn Egmont they follow his example. How many of us serve the prince of this world when we know what the end must be; how many of us stake our all and the fortunes of those dear to us upon the favor of this world; how many of us do this when right before our eyes lies the plain path of service of truth and liberty!

It is sometimes hard to see how that which seems simple and safe, straightforward and loyal, can possibly lead anywhere except to good. But the question is: Whom are we serving? If we are serving the god of wealth we may become rich; we may make much money; we may

lay up for ourselves large stores; but we may at a single turn of the market lose it all. No lord is more fickle than the god who presides over this realm. But even if we keep it all, what shall we answer when, like the man in the parable, God shall require our soul of us?

We may serve the powers which govern the domain of politics; we may rise from the apprentice who constantly does the bidding of some famous politician till we are a representative in the Legislature, in Congress, in the Senate, upon the Supreme Bench, or in the chair of the President. But when the robe of office is laid aside, where then will our chosen influence guide us? Though it make us President, it may also make our name to be a stench in history; though it make us Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, our decisions may be marred with the blackest injustice and our name may be a byword in the land.

Or if our devotion be to learning, where will our learning bring us? We may master some department of science; we may rise step by step from the simpler gen-

eralizations till we have reached the highest generalization of all. But when we stand face to face with eternity, the wisdom of this world possesses no "open sesame" which will open to us the secrets of the world beyond the grave. The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God unless it is transformed by the knowledge of God.

Whatever our career may be, if we are serving some unworthy despot, some prince who is usurping the place of the Prince of Peace, we are on the road to destruction. While we feel that we are leading lives of simple directness and of perfect loyalty to that career which we have marked out for ourselves, it is absolutely necessary that we should inquire into the character of him whom we have taken as our lord. The Prince of Orange warned Egmont that Philip was a very devil and that no man could trust him. But Egmont knew that he was his hereditary sovereign, and was not that enough? So a great many men do not care to change the current of their lives; the things of this world were given

them to enjoy; the things of this world lead to certain courses; they surely cannot do wrong if they follow the dictates of the nature which is theirs. Alas! no man hath ever followed the mere gratification of eye, of ear, of tongue or of heart without finding that he has been loyal to a principle established in him, indeed, but a principle which is not of God. Let me whisper in your ear to-day, as the Prior of St. John whispered in the ear of Egmont on that fatal afternoon: Flee! take the swiftest means at your command and stay no longer within the power of this despot who claims to be your rightful ruler. He does not mean to give you the deserts of a high and noble life, but to bring you down at last to a miserable and abject end.

Egmont died a victim of his own folly; the Prince of Orange with wise foresight provided a means of escape for himself—and so saved his country—saved his life and his soul, and also his country, and freedom of conscience for his people. And by so doing he prepared the way for his grandson to save England in her hour of

need, rescue Europe from the greed of Louis XIV., and set a torch for the lighting of our own watchfires of freedom. If you would follow William of Orange, hear his motto. In the darkest days he wrote: "You ask if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate; to which I answer, that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I had entered into a close alliance with the King of kings; and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in him shall be saved by his almighty hand."

Let not your heart be set upon the lust of the eye, nor the lust of the flesh, nor the pride of life. Put not your trust in princes, either of this world, or the prince of the power of the air, or the devil, who is subtle and strong. But put your trust in God, who is a Shield, and a Buckler, who is a wise Counselor, and a sure Refuge in trouble.

Christian Aspiration.

BY the common consent of critics, Raphael's "Transfiguration" is the greatest picture in the world. It is not merely this; it is the greatest work of the greatest painter, the crowning glory of a great and glorious life, the final fruitage of long years of devoted labor, the perfect expression of genius working under the double impulse of inspiration and complete self-devotion. It might be this and yet not touch the height it fairly reaches, for it might deal with an unworthy subject, a subject falling short in dignity or in permanence of power of the artist's skill and devotion. But the subject was not only worthy of the artist and his art, but, stretching them to their utmost tension, yet proved them lacking.

With true inspiration the painter transcended the canons of his art. Upon a

single canvas he has painted two pictures. The one represents the summit of the mountain, and upon it, smitten with splendor, are stretched the three favored apostles, Peter and James and John, while, rising from the earth, Jesus and the two prophets of old hang suspended in celestial glory. The Saviour is depicted in the fullness of his ineffable majesty, with raiment shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth could white it; and, with the marvelous power which that magic brush alone was wholly master of, we see the sweetness and the beauty of the gentle manhood of the Son of man merged into the divine glory of the Son of God. Above him the heavens seem to open, and the ear of faith finds it not hard to hear the words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Beneath the summit of the mountain wrapped in its celestial radiance, in the heavy shadow of earthly sin and sorrow, is portrayed a very different scene. Here, with his despairing parent, is the demoniac boy in the throes of that horrible insanity which possessed him. Around them the

apostles, in helpless sympathy, are gathered in shocked and grieving groups. The thoughts stamped upon their faces are regret for their own impotence and impatience for their Lord's return. The motto which might be written beneath the picture is, "Till the Master comes."

The whole painting powerfully presents to the eye the great need of the Great Physician, and the divine nature of him who is able to heal even the most afflicted among men. None but the blind—the blind of eye or heart—can miss the lesson of this picture.

It was painted by the artist at the very climax of his manhood; it was still wanting a few finishing touches when he drooped and died in the fullness of his youth. We can scarcely imagine that such a picture could have been painted in any other than a devout frame of mind. We think that, surely, as he drew the woful form of that sin-stricken boy, the need of a Saviour's love must have moved in the painter's bosom; that, as he traced the lineaments of that divine countenance, his heart must have

leaped within him as he cried, "My Lord and my God!" But even while he labored on that canvas his life was spent in the bonds of an unholy love, and he drooped and died, "worn out with labor and with love."

The painter's body, the poor tenement of clay, with genius forever flown, lay in state in his house, and over it, with colors still wet upon it, stood his greatest work. Crowds flocked to see the dead painter and his deathless picture. When the funeral cortége moved with the painter to his last resting place, the picture was borne in the procession. It was then carried to the Vatican, and exhibited to the wondering world for a season. In each case it awoke in the hearts of all admiration and applause; in a few, envy and despair; in each case for the painter. We hear nothing of men who came to worship in their wonder, to despair at their sin, on seeing the Saviour so marvelously portrayed. Among those in whom the sight awoke envy was Sebastiano del Piombo, a painter of a rival school. Desiring to enter into competition with the dead painter, he

chose a similar subject in the "Raising of Lazarus," and sought to produce a work worthy to share the wonder and admiration of the eternal city. He sought and gained Michelangelo's aid, and the picture he produced was indeed great, however much it missed its hoped-for mark. So great was it that it was allowed a place beside the "Transfiguration" in that papal palace, where priests and courtiers came to gape and praise.

Thus these two great themes, both teaching the healing power of Jesus, his power over sickness and even the grave, stood side by side in the central city of Christendom. Surely the world came to wonder and to worship. Surely such portrayals of the power and love of Jesus swayed the hearts of all who looked upon them. Surely the Spirit of Christ moved powerfully upon all who came within those portals where priest and prelate and pope kept the faith of the Lord. Alas! it was far otherwise. Men praised the painters and the pope their patron. They wondered at the skill, or picked a flaw in the drawing. They

pointed out the artistic handling of a drapery, or the marvelous modeling of an arm, but none stood with hearts aflame at their "Transfigured Lord," or cried in ecstasy of religious joy, "Behold the resurrection and the life."

The pope was that gilded voluptuary John de Medici, who when he was chosen pope exclaimed: "The papacy is ours; let us enjoy it." Raphael had died of labor and of love,—unhallowed love, like a fire burning in his bones,—died ere his manhood had filled its growth; Sebastian stood a self-satisfied, complacent, yet jealous rival, coveting the crown his dead companion wore, and making merchandise of his Master.

Goethe cynically said: "*Wunderthätige Bilder sind meist nur schlechte Gemälde*" (Wonder-working pictures are almost always wretched paintings). And when we see so little pious purpose in the most perfect religious paintings, we may well be tempted to accept the statement without its cynicism; for may we not rejoice that the symbol of worship is more dependent on the soul of

the worshiper than the soul of the worshiper on a beautiful symbol?

This, indeed, is the lesson of these great pictures. The heart and mind of man may be drawn away from God by the very things which witness to us of his love and abounding goodness.

Is this not a lesson which this generation needs to take to heart? God has given us this world with all its beauty and its joys. He has given it to us, and he means us to enjoy it. His hand piled the mountains, crag on crag; his hand hollowed out the valleys and made level the wide and fruitful plains; his hand paints the sunset and tints the petal of the rose. His hand, in history, has wrought out the splendors of civilization, and put into the heart of man the great works of art and architecture, the marvels of mechanics and of inventive genius. He gave us these things, and he means us to enjoy them. They are ours to use. But how? For his honor and glory!

The world has produced many men like Raphael, men able to paint great pictures, but caring little to live the beauty of those

pictures. Such men are found in many walks of life. Wise counselors, but foolish guides. Men whose precepts are pure, whose examples are pernicious. Not a few of the world's great orators have painted word pictures in which pure and noble lives spoke freely the words of truth, while they were leading lives of sin and shame.

The Christian standard is based on pure and chastened desires. The heart that has learned to desire the things of God rather than the things of this world, will not be led away by self-love and selfish ambition. It is the heart that is the fountain of life. It is strange that this needs to be so often iterated and reiterated. But men with sober calculation are constantly seeking to attain the object of Christian living some other way. There are so many appeals to the intellect, so many invocations of law in our time, that we are almost forgetful that the heart must first be touched. Then, and then only, must the intellect be informed, with ever widening aspirations toward Christian usefulness. The man the coming age demands at our hands is not so much

the man of great powers of intellect, of rich culture, and of splendid powers of mind and of body, as he

> "Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
> Is upward drawn to God."

The Lesson of Solomon's Decline.

BENOZZO GOZZOLI, the quaint, worldly-minded pupil of Fra Angelico, has preserved for modern times the mediæval view of Solomon. In his vivacious fresco of the last judgment on the wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa, he has represented the sheep on the one hand and the goats on the other, and in the foreground, immediately in front of the awful throne of judgment, Solomon just risen from an open grave is held suspended by the hair in the grasp of one of the attendant angels, awaiting a decision upon his destiny. To the schoolmen of the Middle Ages this question of Solomon's fate was a never failing source of argument. It delighted their minds trained to casuistry. It supplied them with inexhaustible figures of rhetoric. It abounded in incidents easily framed to conventional homilies. It pre-

sented a most striking series of contrasts—of splendor with decay, of promise with fulfillment, of material with spiritual beauty.

These monks and schoolmen were doubtless too curious as to the fate of Solomon, and too careless of their own. Yet even though we may not seek to usurp the throne of God and sit in judgment upon a fellow-creature, we cannot easily escape the interest which is entangled in the complex threads of his career, even upon a very superficial study. He occupies a large place in the Scripture record. In the historical books, in the Psalms, in Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and Ecclesiastes, he appears prominently. In the New Testament, in the Gospels and The Acts he appears in illustration or tradition. His memory passes over with vigorous influences into the Mohammedan system, and into the traditions of kindred oriental peoples, while it is one of the few landmarks in western history of contact with the Hebrews. He is one of the few historical personages of whom it can be truly said that his personality has powerfully affected the imagination of many generations and races of

men. Destructive criticism labors in vain to overturn such an influence as this. Living at a remote period, in a region in almost every age isolated and apart from great world movements, the head of a people whose story is one long narrative of exclusive aims and practices, just at the time of his career there is a blaze of that universal type of thought that every age calls modern, a breaking forth from isolation into wide commercial relations, a reversal of exclusiveness in a time of assimilative relationship with the outside world.

The reign of Solomon gave to Israel a traditional epoch of national glory. Every subsequent age could look back to it with swelling pride and aspiring expectation. It was at once the justification of its hope and the type of its future glory. It was only for the more spiritual mind to look below the surface and see a physical fact and a spiritual lesson—the fact that God had given in this episode the earthly figure of his Church's splendor; the lesson that not in Israel's glory but in her humiliation was he to work out his so great salvation.

What a beautiful picture is that given us of Solomon's choice at the beginning of his reign. It is a true continuation of the spirit of his father's rule. Its keynote is self-denial; its expression, service. Jerusalem was still a mountain stronghold, and the people were still a poorly centralized and ill-disciplined body of tribesmen. The connecting bond of religious observance was as yet one in theory only, not in material form. This we see in the very fact that it was to Gibeon that Solomon went to offer sacrifice. Though in name and by promise the Peaceful, though his father looked forward to a settled reign for him, the outlook was rather for a continuation of tribal conflict and of family struggle for the chieftainship. But his answer to the offer of God is like a magic spell: "I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.... Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart." With God's promise so much richer and fuller than he had dared ask, he returned to his capital. With astonishing promptitude and courage he seized the reins of government. A broad and capable policy unfolded

itself. The plans of his father were pushed on and larger plans developed from them. Alliances were strengthened and new ties formed. The mountain fortress was transformed into a stately city. Trade and commerce grew, and with that a settled population, of increased personal property, capable of bearing a more certain taxation. Men having more to lose became less prone to reckless rebellion. The tribal chief grew rapidly into the national king, the king gave settled law, enlarging and relaxing the strait bonds of custom.

We cannot tell at just what stage in the evolution thus going forward the keen edge of worldly-mindedness entered into the nature of the great monarch. Being but a man of like passions with other men, wealth and power and splendor were terrible temptations in themselves, and each opened a very Pandora's box of temptations and trials. The lust of the eye, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, must all have daily met him in the secret places of his palace, the highway of the city, and at the gate of justice. As the temple of God

rose in the beauty of its graceful proportions, as its fragrant cedar beams were overlaid with gold, and gold was incrusted with gems, how his heart must have learned the lesson of magnificence. As the carver in wood fashioned the palm trees and the cherubim, and the goldsmith overlaid them, how his large mind must have swelled in artistic appreciation. How natural to go on building. How necessary to lay heavier and yet heavier burdens of taxation on his people. How inevitable that the houses should be occupied with lovely women and furnished with rich hangings and carpets; until extravagance and luxury, despotism and indulgence, polygamy and, at last, polytheism should turn the city of David into the capital of an oriental debauchee, and the wise lad of the high choice of Gibeon into the tottering, worn-out, old man of fifty, to whom desire has failed and the grasshopper has become a burden.

Is it not this worn-out, sated man of the world who is held up for us in the book of Ecclesiastes? While on the one hand it is the epic of satiety, on the other hand

it breathes the spirit of the penitent who, ere it is too late, returns to God. The closing admonitions of the book: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man;" seem to indicate this. It is permitted us to hope that the old man recalled the young man's happiness in God, recovered the young man's faith, and closed his life in the sweet companionship of his earlier proverbs in which he has handed down to us the dependence of human wisdom on divine truth for its fructifying power. But whether we hope or despair for this once promising youth whose noonday splendor was so clouded over, the lesson of his life is an open book. Not in worldly magnificence but in humbleness of heart, not in indulgence but in self-denial, not in luxury but in the service of God, is happiness even in this world to be found. However great the gift of an understanding heart, of long life, riches and honor, there comes a time when their spell is broken, their power is gone, and man stands face to face with God

and eternity. Not the wisdom of this world, nor the beauty of art, nor the charm of literature, nor the genius of statesmanship, has a solution to the great question of immortality. Jesus Christ alone can open the door of the celestial country. Of all his promises none rises more naturally to the lips as we contemplate the broken life of the magnificent king than the sweetest of the beatitudes:

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

The Longing of the Soul for God.

I USED to wonder in the lonely hours of quiet meditation what the psalmist meant when he said:

> "As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
> So panteth my soul after thee, O God."

This was in my boyhood, in that indefinite time when the soul is alive and active, and the mind keen and receptive. Lying under the trees in the midsummer heats and looking up into the leafy boughs, my mind would recall the constant symbolism of the Bible for deep longing, the thirst of the soul, and it was a strange and unfamiliar conception. More, indeed, because the idea of the depth of longing itself was incomprehensible than because the symbol was unknown.

It is not easy for men who dwell in the temperate regions to realize the parching

thirst of the dry and arid tropic land. When the fierce midday heat of the desert is like the breath of a furnace, and the sun seems to stoop from the heavens, the intense desire for water to alleviate the untempered heat is without a parallel in the experience of northern peoples. But this was not the key to my early difficulty, nor does it seem to me to be the reason why so few are able to grasp the series of beautiful texts in which God is depicted as the object of the deepest and most tender longing. The knowledge of what is meant by "soul thirst" can only come when we have, at least, begun to feel the heat and burden of the day. This thirst may have many objects, but there is but one draught that can wholly quench it. Let us see a moment what these objects are.

This is an age of material things. On every hand there are material pleasures, things which delight the eye, the ear, the taste and the mind. Man scarcely possesses a wish which cannot be gratified provided he has the one key. We are prone to lament that this one key is money. Is it right that we should? Surely not. Everything after its

own kind. Material things should yield to material spells. If the spiritual gifts were to be found with locks fitted by the same key then truly we might cry out. But since the days of Simon Magus the purchase of spiritual gifts by material means has been unknown. Men have gone through the form. Indeed the Church of God has sometimes seemed but a place of simoniacal exchange. But they who paid the price went away unsatisfied. They carried away the symbol, but not the gift it symbolized.

This soul thirst then must be for something spiritual. The young man has a thousand fancies. They dance before his eyes, they lure his eager feet, they lead him —whither? Can this spiritual longing be evil? Can it be like the longing of Faust for that which is forbidden? Is it sometimes the thirst of an evil nature for the bread which satisfieth not, for the water which when drunken but makes the thirst tenfold more keen? Is it sometimes only the lust of the eyes, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life?

It is too true that it is. And we are wont

to think of the desire for these things as more powerful than the desire for good. We even appear to reckon the intensity of the soul thirst of man to be inversely as its nobility.

I cannot accept this view. It is so easy to be cynical; so easy to throw away assurance of God's love and take a pessimistic sorrow in its place; so easy to substitute the questionings of doubt for joy in the Holy Spirit. I love to dream that men are aspiring to the good as well as striving after the pleasant; to dream that I may feel encouraged to do something to help on the work.

What a glorious heritage is the record of God's schooling of his prophets! What a splendid assurance for the heart which needs a lonely walk with God, to know that it was by such means that God prepared his most faithful ministers!

I have wondered what must have been the thoughts of Abraham as with the child of his hopes, the child of God's promises, he wearily, yet sturdily passed on even unto the third day, to the solitary heights of

mount Moriah. I have felt when on some mountain top the singular sense of awe which must seize every heart upon the summit of a commanding elevation. The sense of elevation of spirit is at times oppressive. Think how Abraham must have felt as he stood there face to face with God. What must have been the soul thirst which gave him courage to endure the torture of earthly longings apparently realized only to be forever robbed of their object!

Happily, we have preserved to us an exact record of one man's feelings after forty years in the desert, face to face with God. And in Joshua's declaration, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," is summed up the story of that communion. It was worth more as a training in wisdom than all the learning of the Egyptians which he had left behind, just as Sherman's generalship was better than all the scientific rules of Jomini. They who follow the desert pathway may but break a dry crust at the water course; they who follow Egypt's wisdom have the flesh pots. Things change not even in these days.

Meditation is the mood, of all others, least characteristic of the modern temper. The youngest understands how very necessary action is. "Be strong, quit you like men;" "Gird up the loins of your mind;" and all injunctions couched in similar terms meet with ready response in this age. It is more difficult to bring men to understand that the "race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" most difficult to impart the sweetness of a longing which can only be wholly satisfied beyond the valley of shadows but which on earth gains at least surcease of pain.

It has one mark which is full of blessing. He who seeks to quench the world thirst rises up from the task weary and anxious only for repose. He who seeks to gratify the soul's deep longing comes from the seeking only eager to go forth into the world to aid others in the quest.

It has seemed to me always as if in changing the Legends of Arthur, Mr Tennyson might have changed with advantage the quest of the Holy Grail into a more general triumph. The touch of monastic exclusive-

ness, of ascetic self-love, still remains on the lovely story. The Spirit of Christ would more truly have led those who found the grail to win for all the faithful a sight of it, and in so far a successful quest. It was perhaps impossible to retain the picturesqueness of the legends without retaining the strange minglings of Christianity, superstition and paganism. The truth of God is only simple and sublime; human inventions are broken reflections, elusive, picturesque and fascinating.

Is it not true that our lives are of this sort? There is a pagan survival in much of our self-love. Even when the peaceful hour of meditation comes, we are apt to look within at self, instead of looking out on "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," to pour out a libation to heathen gods rather than a prayer to the God of wisdom and of truth.

Sometimes in the hour of a great bereavement, in the face of a great worldly loss, we stand face to face with a lost past, a vacant present, and a hopeless future, and our heart cries out for that which has been taken from

us. Such was David's position when he cried, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me;" and when his own son perished in his wickedness, and he cried, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee." In such moments men can at least gain some idea of how strong the longing of the soul for God should be; how strong?—yes, but a strength with no poignancy or pain. Happily, it was the same man who has left us the loveliest expressions of longing for God. "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," David exclaims, and when he was in the wilderness of Judah and the world was dark about him, he exclaimed again, "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is."

Such thirst to those who have never felt it may seem but a dream; to such as have learned from it to go and drink of the fountain of living waters, of the waters which are like a wellspring in the heart of those who drink, this thirst is the symbol of a spiritual communion sweet beyond all else.

The Christian's "Cordon Bleu."

"And they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."—Acts iv. 13.

IN Athens in the days of Grecian greatness it was better than a patent of nobility to have been present on the glorious day when the tide of Persian invasion was stemmed upon the field of Marathon. It was the glory not merely of soldiers to have fought that day in the cause of freedom, but also of statesmen and simple citizens. The poet Æschylus even held the part he played upon that day dearer than all his triumphs in the Agora. You know what it meant to have served in the Tenth Legion with Cæsar in Gaul, and in the Old Guard with Napoleon at Marengo, Austerlitz and Wagram; to have stood in the hollow square at Waterloo during the long hours when Blücher was so anxiously

awaited; what it is to have shared the fortune of those who, when the high tide of the Rebellion beat upon the heights of Gettysburg, helped to roll it back and to raise the nation once more upon a safe and sure foundation. Such services have rendered those who shared them a brotherhood; a brotherhood bound by ties stronger and deeper than all the ties of intentional organization; a brotherhood with a watchword and a bond too sacred ever to be dissolved, too famous ever to be forgotten. The very name graven upon their hearts, so entered into their lives as to become a spell to conjure with and to make every memory suggested by it an impulse for noble action.

In the record which the Holy Spirit has preserved for us in the Gospels and in The Acts of the Apostles we have a narrative of a series of events not less important than those which led up to Marathon, Waterloo and Gettysburg. It is a simple story of the organization of a little brotherhood, composed of a few simple, unlearned, uninfluential men, but destined to set in operation under the commands of their Lord a

movement which eventually shall conquer the world. Their leader chose his companions with infinite wisdom and trained them with infinite skill. Neither the choice nor the training was according to the wisdom of this world, but both have been amply justified, even by the history of this world, for more than eighteen centuries. The choice was singular: the men were neither rich nor powerful, but simple peasants, having no part in any of the rival parties, Egyptian, Syrian, Macedonian or Roman, which had battled for the possession of their native country, and trained in the traditions of godliness alone. And how unworldly wise was this training. Neither in court nor in camp nor in schools of philosophy were they prepared for the conquest of the world. Yet, wandering here and there in the hill country of Judea and Galilee, beside the sunny waters of Gennesaret, or in the historic streets of Jerusalem, they formed the court of a greater than Augustus and studied in the school of a philosopher more divine than Plato. And when those years of preparation were over, what a wonderful

bond of union was wrought for them as, with fearful hearts and trembling limbs, they beheld the sacrifice of Calvary.

There is nothing in the world to parallel it. To have shared in a great defeat never yet formed the bond of union for any company; never yet in our world's history have the survivors of a great catastrophe met to celebrate that dark and dreadful hour. Men indeed have been loved and honored and reverently remembered who in splendid self-abnegation gave their lives for some great cause. What a spell the memory of the three hundred who died around their king at Thermopylæ exercised over the Greek mind! How tenderly were those who lay dead in that royal ring round the last English king at Senlac loved by generations of suffering Saxons! What an agony of grief tore the heart of Scotland for the circle of slain upon Culloden's fatal field! What an inspiration and a spur to our own ancestors was the memory of the seven who first gave their lives for American liberty upon the green at Lexington! But the influence of these scenes has depended

upon other facts and circumstances. These beloved and dearly remembered patriots have been those who first shed their blood in a triumphing cause, or those who sealed with their blood a long and splendid story. It was far other with that little band who obscurely had grown to cherish the highest hopes; hopes which not only compassed the great things of this world, but dared even to scale the heights of heaven. That little band had nothing but its hope and its faith to rest on; and its hope, if not its faith, was crucified on Calvary. And then men scoffed at them, despised them; the great treated them with contumely and contempt; the poor cast gibes and jeers at them; even the little children pointed the finger of derision at them in the street. Yet they did not hide themselves from the public gaze, but went about, having been reassured by the reappearance of their Lord, having been confirmed by the gift of his Holy Spirit—they went about doing good. And two of them, the boldest and the most tender-hearted, finding a lame man sitting at the Beautiful gate of the temple, dared

to heal him by the spell of the despised name of Jesus.

It was a bold thing to do. Jerusalem, like Alexandria, Rome, and the modern Paris, had the evil reputation of a city much given to violent riot and sedition. The populace, when raised to one of its frenzies of religious fanaticism, was terrible, and Peter and John had witnessed this but too lately in the hideous cries with which the people had thronged about the Lord, crying out to the Roman governor, "Crucify him! crucify him!" It was a bold thing to do, for they knew their peril, and well may they have trembled for their lives when "the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering." It was a question which would find a quick answer whether the people would want to stone them or want to bless them for the good deed which they had done. Then it was that that wonderful influence which Christian preachers have exercised from that day to this began to make itself felt; then it was that Peter quelled the people, denounced them for the wrong which they

had done, and called them to repentance. And the people hearkened unto them, so that the priests and the captain of the temple and the Sadducees, always hostile to the Saviour, felt obliged to interpose, and they put Peter and John under arrest. When they brought them forth the next day to trial, these rulers thought that they could cow them with threats and overawe them by the exercise of authority. Yet they were amazed at their boldness and marveled that they were unlearned and ignorant; and then it was that they "took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus! Was it a thing which touched a chord of deep enthusiasm in the heart of these apostles? Was it with a thrill of pride that they understood that wherever they went and whatever they did men would take knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus? It was only a little before that Peter had denied with cursing that he had been with his Lord. In that hour of dark temptation even his

bold and loyal heart had faltered and failed. Was it now with the same craven spirit that he was conscious that men associated him with the crucified Nazarene? Nay; he had bitterly repented, and his risen Lord had forgiven him that sin of disloyalty and had confirmed him in his ministry, and henceforth there was to be for him no doubt and no uncertainty. And that other one, that beloved disciple, he who at that last sorrowful supper leaned his head on Jesus' bosom, think you it was with fear and dismay that he realized that these priests and rulers took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus? Nay; in that gentle yet zealous heart there were neither doubts nor fears—only the overwhelming certainty that he was his Lord's and his Lord was his.

From that day to this with varying emotions men have taken knowledge of other men that they have been with Jesus. Some have eagerly desired this, so eagerly that they have made at every opportunity an outward display of the fact. The monk clothed himself in such a garb as to witness before all men of the service which he had

chosen. The crusader set the symbol of the cross upon shoulder, shield and battle-blade. Many others have sought by every kind of outward profession to declare unto all men that they have been with Jesus. Not all have done this because they desired merely to impress the eye with this saving truth. Many have been wholly loyal and wholly devoted who have conspicuously worn this outward symbol; but others, not less loyal and not less devoted, have merely borne the symbol of the cross upon their hearts and lives, and in a quiet and simple, yet serene and certain way, allowed men to behold, even as Peter and John did, by the outward working of an inward faith, that they had been with Jesus. Surely if the heart is stamped with its precious symbol it will be impossible to conceal the fact. Men will and must read it in the life of him whose heart bears it, and it can be no reproach to such men that in their outward profession and outward garb they bear the testimony of their inward devotion. But nothing can be more despicable and more unworthy than to bear the cross of Christ,

which is no longer a symbol despised and hated, merely upon the outside, upon the clothes, as too many of those who were crusaders seem to have done. It is most important that every one who professes the sacred name of Jesus should carefully examine himself to know whether he wears that name graven upon his heart or merely embroidered upon his outward vesture.

There is a striking scene in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" where the young captive chieftain, Uncas, is about to be taken to torture by his own kinsmen, the Delawares. He is taken from the prison tent and led to the stake, and there, his clothing being stripped off him, his fellow-tribesmen find upon his breast the totem of the royal house of their people, and at once recognize in him, instead of an enemy, a rightful ruler, and promptly yield to him the recognition which belonged to his birth.

So may it be with those who belong to the royal household of faith that when their own righteousness, which the prophet says is but filthy rags, is stripped away from them,

their real character may be found stamped upon their lives—the simple yet sublime evidence of Christian faith. Then it will be that men will take knowledge of them, that they have been with Jesus. Then it will be that they will receive the promised reward of those who have been faithful over a few things.

Have we a proper realization of how important it is, we being Christians, that men shall take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus? Such witness-bearing is not merely an inevitable result of such companionship, but a precious privilege as well. It is not necessary to hang upon our breasts a service medal such as the soldiers of imperial France so proudly wore, such as you will find upon the breast of every battle-scarred veteran in Europe to-day, telling how he fought at Sedan or Gravelotte, how he rode with Scarlett and his gallant six hundred in the Crimea, or faced the fearful Arab charge at Tel-el-Kebir. But it is necessary that by loyalty to truth, constancy in temptation, and gentleness of life we shall let all men see and know that we

have been with Jesus, and from him have learned the secret of a godly life.

Let no man rob you of your right. It is the most glorious and most honorable distinction that can be awarded by man: that men shall take knowledge of you, that you have been with Jesus.

The Beauty of Boyhood.

And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord, and also with men.—I Samuel ii. 26.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.—St. Luke ii. 52.

THESE two verses introduce to us two of the most beautiful boyhoods of which we have any account, two boyhoods which were the flower of fruitful manhoods: the one that of a mere man, the other that of our Lord and Saviour. Both were children of promise; indeed in one culminated all the promises which God has made to his people, and all their hopes both for this world and that which is to come; and yet the language which is used to describe the growth and development of the two boys is strikingly similar—especially the latter clause in each instance, which declares of one that he was in favor with the Lord and also with men,

and of the other that he increased in favor with God and man.

There is perhaps too much said to-day which indirectly leads us to conclude that that which is in favor with man cannot please God. Of course, this may be approximately true when individual cases of the special gratification of mere human desires are chosen as illustrations; but the tendency is to change the statement, perhaps unconsciously, and have us conclude that that which is in favor with God does not please men. But these statements are not convertible, and I think that no statement of so sweeping a character is truer than that which declares that whatsoever things are pleasing to God are pleasing to men, for, however much man may have followed after the devices of his own heart, he has not lost the power to rejoice in the beauty and glory which God has shed abroad in the world, nor the capacity to perceive the nobility in those virtues which are especially pleasing to God. Men not only admire and love those who are seekers after God, but no man is so sure to win eventual favor with

man as is that man who unswervingly, unfaltering and unceasingly puts the favor of God above the favor of man.

Hence, when the apostle tells us to be all things to all men, we must not jump to the conclusion that he is advising us to cultivate the arts of deception and chicane, however characteristic they may be of the self-seeker and the politician; but observe that he is recommending to our notice that the perfect man in Christ Jesus, the man who is in favor with God, the man who is gentle, and courteous, and manly, will possess those qualities which will make him all things to all men, and that if he has not learned how to make the applied teaching of his Master attractive to men, the flower of his Christian manhood has been blighted ere it bloomed.

There is an implied statement here, that by their fruits men shall recognize the growth of Christian virtues; an implied statement that appearance is a concomitant of being; that a man cannot be what he should be without appearing to be such. We are inclined sometimes to overvalue appearances, but not less often to underrate them,

and to think a proper effort to appear to be what we are seeking to be, pretentious—the aping of a virtue which we do not possess, and an ignoble effort to cheat others by a specious but false behavior. Hence the Pharisee is constantly held before our eyes —the man who allowed the gracious spirit of prayer and praise to become a mere form, and from a mere form something worse, the dead image of a virtue which he had ceased to possess, and then a mask to conceal the vice which had usurped its place; so that out of the man of pious practices came the man of pious pretenses, and, finally, the man of pious fraud. Such is the evolution of the hypocrite from the just man through the Pharisee. Our Lord's unsparing condemnation of this class, and its just application to charlatanry in many a succeeding generation, are so well known that they are oft-quoted in condemnation of many things which are decorous and in themselves fit and even beautiful. If we are told to avoid the appearance of evil, we are not less told in a hundred places under many different forms and symbols to strive after the most

attractive behavior, in order both that we may not be a scandal to our Lord and that we may win others to Christ.

From a national point of view we have for a hundred years been passing through a period first of revolution and then of reaping of the fruits of revolution—indeed in some things our revolt dates back to a much earlier period, to the period of the Reformation and the Puritan revolution; and in many things a certain line of conduct was assumed as a right and proper and very necessary protest against certain beautiful forms which sin had entered into and made its own; in process of time these protests assumed the hard and unlovely forms either of Pharisaism itself, or of a still less admirable neglect of all proper adorning of our conduct. The result has been that often while we have recognized our duties, we have forgotten that there were privileges connected with them, and in urging these duties upon others we have ceased to recommend them by exhibiting the accompanying privileges.

I wish that every young man could feel that it is not merely his duty to be a man,

but his privilege to be a gentleman; that it is not merely his duty to become a Christian, but his privilege to be in favor both with God and man; that it is not merely his duty to possess all the Christian virtues, but his privilege to exhibit them in his life. We have a few remarkable examples in secular history of men who have left behind them memories quite incommensurate with anything which they actually accomplished in the world; men who performed no great works either of arm or of brain; men who did not occupy positions of distinguished eminence; but whose lives were informed with a singular beauty of spirit until they were transformed by its influence and shone in the world as beings almost distinct from its common inhabitants. One of these was that brilliant Scotch scholar, James Crichton, who came to be known not merely throughout the world of his day, but to posterity, as the "Admirable Crichton." This young man, graduating with distinguished honor in the University of St. Andrews when only fifteen years of age, passed with singular brilliancy through the

courts of Europe, vying with the most learned in the discussion of learned subjects, with the most skillful in the performance of bodily feats, and with the most pious in the exercise of an exalted spirit of worship. Passing, just at the attainment of his majority, to Italy, he was received enthusiastically by Aldus Manutius, the great publisher, and introduced to Venice and the world in a glowing dedication to his edition of one of Cicero's works. From this most curious and certainly authentic document we learn that Crichton was publicly introduced to the Doge and Senate, to whom he delivered a brilliant discourse, and afterwards engaged in a public disputation on theology, philosophy and mathematics before a large concourse of learned men. Passing from city to city, he engaged in similar disputations, sometimes of three days' duration, in which he made proof of his claim to universal knowledge. It has been suggested by some who did not know him that he must have had something of the coxcomb about him, but the testimony of his contemporaries pointedly contradicts this suggestion,

all of them uniting in the declaration that there was a charm in his manner which delighted every impartial hearer. But his career was to be as brief as it was beautiful. He became the tutor of the son of the Duke of Mantua, afterwards the patron of the poet Tasso, a young man of marked ability but of violent passion. This young Gonzaga, while engaged in a brawl with other young noblemen, attacked Crichton on the streets of Mantua. Being in disguise, he was not recognized by the gallant Crichton, who dispersed the party and overthrew the prince. When he discovered who he was, though he had disarmed him in self-defense, he expressed his regret and presented his sword to his prince, who in a dastardly manner revenged himself by running it through his body. Thus perished this youthful paragon at the age of twenty-two years, leaving behind him one of the most remarkable reputations of the Middle Ages.

Little less remarkable than the career of Crichton was that of the poet Sydney, who, whatever may be said of him as a poet, was quite as much a philosopher, a

soldier and a courtier—a man in whom all talents and all virtues seemed so to meet that all who knew him were transported with admiration, and all who have come after him have wondered that so great a reputation could be supported by such slender remains. But one of his biographers has summed up the reasons for his renown by saying of him that in him there was "the essence of congruity;" that it was not the greatness of any talent, but the fact that many talents were in him united in such just proportion, which caused him to appear the most perfect gentleman of his age. As in the case of Crichton, an early and gallant death, which seemed rather an unnecessary sacrifice than a worthy termination of a promising career, mingled a keener regret than would otherwise have attended even so great a loss.

Such men as these witness to the possibility of the perfect possession of the Christian graces. Hence it becomes us all, even in the least things, to seek to possess them. I sometimes wonder what a different face our world would wear if every man would

seek not merely to do what it is his duty to do, but to do all that it is his privilege to do. How much more decorous and how much more charming and attractive would be the appearance of our youth. I would not have this thought confounded with the idea of making things finical or of taking out of our daily life those virtues which undoubtedly reside in a rough-hewn manhood; nor would I have anyone believe that frugality is inconsistent with the highest beauty. But if all could feel that the chapel, for instance, was indeed the house of God, and if our thoughts when in it could be wholly lifted up to him; if light conversation and light thoughts even, not merely during, but before and after service, could be dispensed with, how much more truly would it be to us the house of God. If only every man could feel that if he has a weak body it is peculiarly necessary that he should make it strong that his mind may not outgo the development of his frame; if he has a strong body he should be doubly zealous in the class room lest the over-development of his muscles make him dull and slow of

mind. If only in the class room, if everyone could feel that he and his instructor are fellow-workers in the great cause of education and that the instructor is only there to help him in the prosecution of his plans; and if in and through all of these various theaters of action, as in the great trilogies of the Greeks, there was being worked out the story of one destiny, great and dominant —the destiny of each human soul engaged upon the scene, but so much more important than each human soul, because the destiny of the whole race; that the progress of the play may not be stopped a moment on behalf of any man, but every man must eagerly press on lest he should lose his part in the final consummation of the whole.

Let us give ourselves a little to the study of what our privileges are; not that we may wring them from others, but that we may render them to ourselves. And let us seek to crown our lives not merely with the honorable rewards of athletic contest and the more honorable distinctions of academic effort, but with the crowning and most beautiful of graces which is the reward of seeking

after Christ. So that as we grow it may be said of us not that we are unprofitable servants, for we have done only what it was our duty to do, but that we increased in favor with God and man.

True Manhood.

Watch ye, ... quit you like men, be strong.—I Cor. xvi. 13.

THERE is a spell in the word *man.* No leader has ever conjured in vain when he has appealed to men by their manhood. What strong evidence of this is written in human language; in the tribes and people who delight to call themselves "Men," or "The Men," while giving to other peoples titles of less honorable significance. The conception of a man, the standard of manhood, has been subject to great variation. Yet the idea has admitted of but one rival. The other idea is that of God. A Godlike man is a conception higher than a manly man. Toward such a conception the best men have striven; while decadent people have over and over again dragged down their idea of what was Godlike, till it became

only what was manlike. It is the happy fortune of the Christian standard that the manly and the Godlike have met together in perfect unity in the person of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. In him alone we see at once man and God. In him we see the possibility of Godlike manhood and the standard for the utmost striving of aspiring humanity.

In seeking for a standard of manhood it is perhaps worth our while to consider what the word means, has meant, and may be brought to mean. You remember how Diogenes, the cynic, went about the streets with a lantern at midday searching for a man. Not even Alexander the Great with all his genius and power satisfied the standard of his philosophy. The great conqueror standing between him and the sun shut off its light from him. Not content to bask in the sunlight of that great warrior's presence, Diogenes' one request was that Alexander should stand aside and let the light from heaven reach him. So many another hero has stood between men and the light from heaven, obscuring the true light

and lowering the standard of what was high and good.

Perhaps it is no fancy of the scientist that the life of the individual repeats the history of the race; that we may read in the history of men the history of humanity, written small. If so, we may find the story of ages mirrored in the aspiration of the child, and, alas! too often we find cases of arrested development where the child never comes to be a man full-grown. What are the aspirations, the manly standards toward which children reach forward? The boy begins by desiring to be the driver of a horse car, a circus rider, a soldier, a politician, a successful man of business. He may, and generally does, grow on beyond that, and desires to be a benefactor of his race in one or another of the noble professions. He may even hear the call of God to his ministry and eagerly reply, "Here am I, Lord; send me." We read in history stages which correspond to all of these periods of boyish aspiration. In all early history we have at least a reminiscence of the time when men found their manhood most put to the

test in hunting or the domestication of animals, of a time when men thought war the highest employment for their various capacities, of a time when politics, statecraft and diplomacy was each the chief occupation of the choicest intellects. But few pushed beyond the standards of their times to prove that self-assertion in all its forms of force and fraud, violence and trickery, was not the highest occupation for the noblest men.

Through all this there is a failure to discriminate the different senses in which such words as strength, intelligence, wisdom can be used. Perhaps strength has been more worshiped than any other attribute of manhood—more worshiped and more indiscriminately worshiped. The great conqueror is still the man who catches the imagination of the people. The great conqueror is still the man who, when greatness is mentioned, receives the first tribute. If I were to ask a company of students who were the greatest men the world has produced, they would probably mention at once a series of names of generals,

and kings, and emperors. The empire of the arm would take precedence of the empire of the mind. Homer, Plato, Dante, and Shakespeare would find but a secondary recognition. The grandeur of soul would even longer be delayed its better deserved tribute, and David, Paul, Augustine, Gregory, Luther, Calvin, and Wesley would receive only a grudging recognition after their claims were fairly presented.

Yet what are these mighty conquerors but perverters of their strength. A recent picture by a great artist has portrayed with dramatic power the influence of their lives. Upon a broad canvas he has drawn a desert wide and waste. Down the middle foreground, winding far away beyond the measure of the strongest eye, moves a long company splendid with all the panoply of war. At its head is Cæsar; Alexander drives his war chariot on the one hand and Sesostris his upon the other, while by their side ride Napoleon and the great Tartar conqueror Tamerlane, and behind them we recognize one and another of the cruel children of warlike genius, Charlemagne, Attila, and

many others whose names have been written with blood in the story of the world. They ride with bloodless faces, neither living, nor yet dead, through long lines of the victims of their rapacity, groups of dead who were once living, but had been slain for them, not one who being dead they had made alive again. It is a powerful picture, and its history is as true as it is striking—a story of multitudes dead for the pleasure of single men.

Turn from that picture to another—to the picture painted so often by far greater artists, painted upon the pages of the Bible by the pen of the Spirit, painted upon the heart of every lover of his Lord, the picture of the accursed tree on Calvary and its dying agony of the Son of man, the very God and very man. He it is who gave his life for many. Over against that picture of sorrow there is no despair. No graves tenanted by thousands are to be found as a consequence of that mighty sacrifice. Only a new-made sepulcher, empty from the third day; only millions of spiritually dead who by that sacrifice have been made alive, and from

whom rise one triumphal pæan: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

St. Paul says of himself: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Does it not become us all to put aside childish things and take thought how we shall attain to a true estimate of manhood, a true ideal toward which we may seek to grow? The injunction of St. Paul as given to us in this passage not only bids us "quit ourselves like men," but it adds two other injunctions, "Watch," and "be strong." As youth is beautiful, so is strength; not brute strength, but a strength which watches and takes thought how it shall exert itself; a strength which knows that it is sometimes better to endure and to suffer wrong than to exert itself and do evil. There are some honored heroes who have well illustrated what true manhood is. In the dawn of English history there was Alfred the Great who in toil

and perplexity, robbed of every mark of kingship except his kingly nature, wandered hither and thither in the land, proving his right to rule by his capacity to endure and suffer hardship, and at last brought victory out of defeat, a nation out of a scattered remnant, a statute book out of anarchy, a true religion out of the grasp of heathenism.

There was our own Washington, the man who never won a single pitched battle worthy of a great general and who yet proved himself through seven long years of disaster and suffering and ceaseless struggle worthy to be named by Frederick the Great as the greatest general in the world. Were you to ask any wise historian where Washington proved his greatness, he would not tell you at Trenton on that midwinter morning, nor at Yorktown on that last fair field of fortune, but beside the feeble fires and amid the blood tracks of Valley Forge. It was strength to endure, strength to suffer hardship, strength to bring victory out of defeat; not rash, ruthless, riotous courage, but chastened constancy and faithful forti-

tude, which he gave as a deathless memory to our land.

These are the proper exemplars of our ideal of manhood. They stand, of course, as all exemplars must, on a somewhat higher plane than we. Emerson, however, was not far afield when he bade man hitch his wagon to a star. By that he meant to teach the lesson that the young man of low ideals is hopelessly astray. A man must set a high standard for his own performance, a standard which he may and should hope to attain, even though he does not expect to attain it. In following such noble ideals many have unconsciously far surpassed anything which they even hoped for. There is many a quiet life of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and self-abasement unconsciously lived in the full glory of greatness; sometimes unnoted by the world, sometimes discovered too late to be honored here below, but always known and recognized by the great Rewarder whose delight it is to honor goodness rather than greatness, loyalty rather than success.

What is the secret of this manhood? It

is simple, easily understood, easily secured. It is reliance not upon self, but upon One who is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by him; who is able to save from self and from sin; not from sins of commission only, but from sins of omission as well; who is able to save us from self and from sin not in the far-off future, but to-day. The Bible is full of the lives of such men so saved. History has their names upon every page; you know them in familiar life. Seek to understand the secret of their manhood and with God's help to be like them. We have in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians the constitution of such a life. Its basis must be Christian love. Its assertion must be therefore lovely. Now and again even among the records of royalty we find an oasis, where, instead of reading the name of Charles the Great, or William the Conqueror, or Peter the Cruel, we read the name of the Good, and we rejoice in the story of a man in high place who was able so to benefit his people and bless his land as to win such a title. So in private life it is the

man who is lovely and of good report, the man who has learned how to bear all things, to endure all things, and who knows that it requires not merely strength, but the strength of the Spirit, in order to bear and endure. Of course, it would be easy to be manly if we were always praised, but is it not also desirable that we should be manly even when it is hard to be, even when jeered at because of our manliness? It is a very bad principle that sometimes creeps into young manhood that every injury must at once be visited with retaliation. If one boy strikes another he *must* strike back, forgetful that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and that an unprovoked blow which is not returned may be the means of making a friend forever, when if returned it would lead to an unending enmity. Every shrewd competitor knows that if you wish to weaken the skill of another in an athletic contest, the surest way to do it is to destroy his self-control by provoking him to anger. The man who loses his temper in the rush line is likely to lose the game. The man who loses his self-control in society is sure to

lose his manhood. Gentle, easy to be entreated, rendering not evil for evil, enduring as seeing him that is invisible, seeking to be like Christ—these are the marks of a true Christian manhood. Out of such qualities come men, gentlemen, Christians. Out of such manly, gentlemanly, Christian men have come the best things of our civilization. In them is the hope and the assurance of the future.

Responsibility.

Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.—Luke xii. 48.

IT is hard to distinguish between what is good and what is evil in ambition; hard to define the difference in practice between aspiration and self-seeking; hard to draw a just line between self-conceit and self-confidence. Yet only at our peril may we neglect to draw this line and make this distinction.

Not merely must we do this subjectively for ourselves, but also objectively in our judgment of others, for the estimates which we form of others will mold us, and the ideals which we consecrate will lift us up or pull us down.

You remember how the sons of Zebedee came to Jesus seeking the impossible gift of being on his right and left hand in his kingdom, and how Christ reproved their un-

hallowed ambition. Yet both of these men were chosen to behold the Lord's transfiguration, and while one was the first of the apostles to wear the glorious crown of martyrdom, the other, John, received the more than kingly title of the beloved disciple, and to him it was given to lean upon the Lord's bosom at that last supper on earth, and to him after a long and tedious, but noble and useful service, was granted the glorious revelation of our ascended Lord. How empty was the desire for mere place —though that were the most exalted in heaven—compared with such careers. But we must not forget that the place they craved was not in the heavenly kingdom, but in that earthly kingdom which in their darkened minds they expected Messias to found on earth. Not the counselors of an earthly king was to be their fate, but the ambassadors of the King of kings. God overruled their folly and gave them better reward.

God gave them a great commission. They for a time were blind to the real purpose of it; they knew the greatness of their

gift, but did not carefully consider the true use to which it should be put.

All human greatness is an elusive thing. Ask any well-read man who are the great men of the ages, and he will rattle off a list of names without very carefully distinguishing between them and the grounds of their claim—Alexander the Great, Socrates or Plato, Cæsar, Charlemagne, etc., etc. Perhaps in his mind Alexander is only the great fighter of battles, or he may be also the founder of Alexandria and director of the economic movements of the centuries. But if we look at his career through the clarified vision of eyes which have been made to see the hand of God in history, we shall see that Alexander was the instrument used to prepare the world, by giving it a single literary language, for the coming of Christ. So the sword of Cæsar and the policy of Augustus united to create an empire as wide as the empire of Alexander's tongue, and the genius of Socrates and Plato joined to uplift the thought of Greek philosophy to the nearest approach to Christian truth. In the fullness of times Christ came to a

half-dead world hungering and thirsting for the truth which was able to make alive unto salvation. And these proud spirits were used of God for his eternal purpose. Think you that Alexander would have rejoiced to know that the residuum of his splendid conquests and clear-headed statecraft would be the preparation of the world for a more potent conqueror who was to come out of Judea? or that Athenian philosophy in the person of the divine Plato would have readily yielded its consummation to the same source? or that Cæsar or Augustus would have brooked the thought that Rome was to be but the handmaid of Jerusalem? To these men God gave much, at their hands he demanded much; but they were but blind instruments. We look at them critically and we think them great—as they were, yet but little more admirable than the Nile which in its unintelligent overflow makes Egypt a garden, or than the winter frost which pulverizes the rocks and makes of their hardness productive soil. They were great; great as philosophers, statesmen, soldiers; great of mind, of tongue, of arm.

But not often great men; great of soul, great in a splendid synthesis in which mind and tongue and hand served a soul that was taught of God.

There is no lack of men to set over against these heroes of heathendom. Men who wear the glamor of this world's greatness, men able to dazzle our imaginations as well as to appeal to our consciences. The Bible is full of its heroes: Joseph, the prime minister; Moses, the law-giver; David, the king. While in the New Testament, Paul, the apostle, for by that title he loved best to be called, might with equal propriety be called Paul, the orator, the philosopher, the missionary, the traveler. These are but the first fruits of the Christian centuries which are full of the greatness of the eternal word speaking through men.

But these men have been what they have been in every case because they had a consciousness of the duty laid upon them.

Moses rushed too early into the work—half prepared, as so many young men want to rush into God's service to-day—and then when his time had fully come he held back.

God required of him the splendid service which his native talents and his high training in all the learning of Egypt fitted him to render. Alas for his hesitation when God's time had come. The faltering tongue was his through life, and Aaron was given to him—half interpreter, half a millstone round his neck.

Saul held back; consented to the death of the noble Stephen, first of Christian martyrs; but God needed him, needed his natural gifts, needed his thorough training in the rabbinical schools which the other apostles lacked, and so God called him—called him with a voice not wanting in authority as he went on the way to Damascus. But he carried with him "a thorn in his flesh," some bodily infirmity, which some have thought the effect of that light which shone round about him, and that shock which fell upon his vision, by the way. If so, it is another warning not to delay the consecration of our gifts. God may save us, but as by fire. God may use us, but not as if we gladly set ourselves aside for his service.

"Unto whomsoever much is given." Surely much has been given unto us. Ours is the heritage of the ages. We are entered into the inheritance of every land and people; we, unto whom the ends of the earth are come. No people were ever so free; free not only in body, not only from taskmasters, from governmental restraints, but free in mind, free from the bondage of fear, free from the shackles of superstition, from the darkness of ignorance. The world lies before us as a theater where we may play our parts; heaven lies open before us as the goal of our desires. No barrier of tradition, or rank, or money blocks our way from the recognition and applause of men; no forms or priest-craft shut us from God or his revealed word. All these things are ours; but for our use we must render a strict account.

It will not do for us to say that this or that service is too high for us and we will not assume its responsibilities. The call is upon us, and we must heed it or prove recreant to the trust committed to us. Here the treasures of learning are laid open. No man who comes hither has a right to neglect

his present opportunity. It is not his to take or leave, but his to take. This college was founded by men with a purpose for men with a purpose. They gave it the name of a man whose long and beautiful life was animated and ennobled by a purpose, and its whole history is that of the triumph of purposeful men through its training.

It recognizes and proclaims, moreover, that man has a higher destiny than mere human ends, and that there is a higher wisdom than man's wisdom—even the hidden wisdom of God. Along with each week's work provision is made for the consecration and instruction of all in this wisdom, and the effort to make all understand that they should personally feel their responsibility to God is a strenuous one. We would that every one might feel that he could reverently declare:

> "A charge to keep I have,
> A God to glorify;
> A never-dying soul to save
> And fit it for the sky."

This and more than this! He who has least has this much, though often the one

talent of a salvable soul is wrapped in a napkin and buried in the earth. You to whom so much is given must help save others; your fellows in your classes, your friends wherever they may be. You must when you go into the world help save it; save it from itself, from its ignorance and vice, save it from the devil, who is as shrewd and as worldly-wise as ever. Surely the mediæval painters were wrong to paint the devil as they did, with hoof and horns and forked tail. He comes to men with soft hand and alluring speech; his eyes are often bright with intelligence and his manners charming with the quintessence of etiquette; he sings the songs most in vogue and dances the latest steps; he is conversant with the freshest fashions of the stage and the surest combinations of the gambling houses; in all things he is genial, jovial, and genteel. It is not till you are under his power, till he is sure of his victim, that it becomes apparent that the wages of sin is death, and that what seemed so honey-sweet appeared so only because the devil is the father of lies.

Do not think you can avoid meeting him;

nay, seek him out and drive him from you by the sign of the cross; the sign of the cross not made upon the empty air, but printed on your heart and impressed upon your life. You to whom so much is given must save the world from Satan, must save the world for Christ.

What has been given you in love will be required of you with justness. Don't underestimate the justness of God, nor begin to calculate beforehand how much mercy you can obtain for Christ's dear sake. It will be required in loving tenderness, but you need no strength other than that which is ready to your hands. As your day, so shall your strength be, is the promise. If in the struggle you grow faint and sink upon your knees, you shall be no worse off. The devil never yet overcame a Christian on his knees. Beware lest he catch you weakly on your back.

College Life and College Learning.

THERE are few things so vague as the ideas of college life held by those who are not themselves college bred. They range through the whole gamut of human fancy. Some imagine a college to be like the gardens of the Hesperides, and think the fruits of knowledge are as easily gathered as their golden apples; others compare it with the "fountain of idleness," with the golden glow of Turner's canvas before their minds, its life pleasant but profitless; yet others regard it as the lingering abode of scholasticism, effortless and effete, the nursing mother of vice and vanity, where athletics alone command activity, and dissipation only keeps the midnight lamp alight; few seem to know it as it really is, the home

"Of toil unsevered from tranquillity:
Of labor, that in lasting fruits outgrows

Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

And even those who see its higher and laborious side, sometimes forget that life, not learning, makes a college what it is.

The actual college life is neither what the fancy of the outside world paints it, nor what the eager freshman hopes it, nor what the toiling teacher strives to make it. Like all human affairs it is the resultant of many forces, and varies from time to time with the ebb and flow of the tide of truth, uprightness, and devotion in the life of the people. It is safe to say that at no time is college life in exact proportion ethically, intellectually, or socially to the amount of learning in the college. College life and college learning are, therefore, not only not synonymous, but they do not even approximately denote or connote the same thing. College life is generic, it includes the whole circumstances of existence within the college community and is more often accurately exhibited by the undergraduate body than by the faculty. College learning is not only specific, it is in the highest degree particu-

lar, is most often determined by the faculty, even when learning is only in a moderate measure imparted to the students. Sometimes it depends upon the vigor and vitality and intellectual energy, not only of a few, but even of a single member of the teaching force. Garfield's famous saying that Dr. Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a boy at the other was all that was needed to constitute a college, has found historical exemplification in many cases where a man has not merely made an institution, but blazed forth from the oppressive gloom of corporate darkness. Plato was the Academy, Zeno the Portico, and Aristotle the Lyceum, by the free fashioning of their genius. But when John Wycliffe shone out in Oxford, and Irnerius at Bologna, and Abelard at Paris, they found the more difficult task of overcoming the inertia of an all-pervading darkness.

College life owes its origin to monastic influences, and it retains some mark of its source to this day. To this it owes its retirement, its repose, its calm and broad estimate of men and things. Not less to this it

owes its tendency to prefer thought to action; to delay when promptitude is essential to success; to value discretion above courage. In these things it takes its color chiefly from the permanent element, the teaching force. On the other hand, it receives annually great reinforcements of crude, rash, headstrong and impatient natures, which it slowly transforms, as well as informs, and sends forth to do the works which demand action, governed and directed by thought, and courage, tempered by discretion. College life is not to be judged by any of its factors; not by its leaders of thought, for they may become confirmed in narrow limits of thought and feeling; confined to a fixed line of policy, they may lose facility and invention; limited to the leading of inferiors, they may become dogmatic and dictatorial, unable to brook opposition or to dissemble feeling; confronted by an everchanging public, they may grow careless of fresh and novel forms of thought and statement. Still less is college life to be judged by the unformed majority who with eager expectancy are looking toward the day when they shall at-

tain the coveted admission to full citizenship in the commonwealth of learning. Nor yet is the youth who has just received his degree—the first fruits of the mills of mind—the fair criterion. He exhibits, it is true, the molding influences in their final force, he has gained what there was to gain, has lost what it could rob him of, but he is not a finished product, only as yet a raw material. In his mind and heart are potentialities soon to be called into being by friction with public life; in his nature are resources only known when demanded by struggle with the world; in his soul are secret chambers in which the strength for days of sorrow are safely stored. These things are the fruitage not so much of learning as of life. The acutest intellect cannot be crammed with them, the dullest laggard cannot wholly miss them. They are gained from contact with masters whose minds are not more active than their hearts; from classmates of many antecedents, many capacities, many purposes; from the fellowship of kindred minds among masters and comrades, in history, and in books. The days

of hardest labor have not been more abundantly productive than unconscious, yet receptive, days of idleness under the influence of architecture artfully designed to meet the beauty of nature in landscape and sky, and to complete its beauty with the dignity and fitness of man's mastery over nature. Analysis fails to explain the subtle and stirring strength of such associations; yet history writes it on her pages with increasing frequency. It is consequently from none of those actually within the college circle that we can best judge the direction and accomplishment of college life, but from those who carry its influence into broader fields. The missionary power of a church cannot be measured at home by fervor or fidelity to teaching so much as by its success in mission fields. So the forces generated in college life are to be measured by the influence of college men on public thought.

In estimating this influence, the world—or at least that part of the world which seeks expression for itself in the daily press—greatly errs in neglecting the great mass of earnest, faithful, inconspicuous men who

labor in the professions and in business, for the more conspicuous but less useful persons who "cut a great figure" in the world. Colleges were not founded to train genius nor to produce what the world to-day calls "cranks." Genius is a law unto itself. It does not readily "trot in harness," nor work well in a double team. What colleges fail to do in stimulating genius they make compensation for in the breaking in of erratic natures absorbed in self and captivated by splintered fragments of old ideas. The populist and the rag money man, the promoter of Baconian ciphers and theories of the lost tribes of Israel, the advocates of faith cures and theosophical societies, rarely possess the right to call themselves masters of arts. College men have learned how much there is to know in the world, how many-sided is the temple of widsom, and how hard it is to know even one thing to the point of true mastery. They are, therefore, brought face to face with their own limitations, and frankly recognize their own ignorance of anything that they have not honestly assailed. The class room has taught them but a

small part of this most valuable knowledge. Contact with other minds in the frank and free stage of growth, hating shams, despising pretense, denouncing trickery, ridiculing, sometimes cruelly, peculiarities, has been the chief transforming force. Not the brilliant lecturer, not the painstaking teacher, not the richly stored library, works the transformation here, but the contact of man with man. The rolling stones in the dashing stream become the polished pebbles. The stream is the fine force of master minds hurrying a miscellaneous collection of men through four years of study; contact with each other is the polishing influence which prevents this force from doing but little more than carry the men along four years of studious work. Some streams dump vast deposits of mud at their mouths. Here no attrition has taken place. Transportation is the only force at work. Such a stream is like a college where there is no real college life.

These influences, so clearly seen in the wider world, are also seen in college. The

great criticism of college life in recent years is almost entirely directed to the conduct of freshmen and sophomores. The freshmen bring the uninfluenced ideas of the world into college life, the sophomores make a last stand for them. College manhood asserts itself in the junior year. The average senior has most of the marks of the educated gentleman. The upper classman has grown to honor his teacher and his college, to love or at least to appreciate the value of learning, to esteem public opinion, and to cultivate his own self-respect. There is an unmolded remnant, it is true, but it is a small and uninfluential body. It exhibits our inevitable human nature, and it is the honor of our college life that the unassimilated element is so small, not its shame that such an element exists.

It is no exaggeration to say that her college men have made America what she is, nor that college life has been quite as strong a force in making them as college learning. The country college with its dormitory and its curriculum and its constant contact and grinding of man with man has done, and

must continue to do, a great work for our country. The professor who is content to be a pedagogue and help form the thought as well as inform the mind, who is anxious to elevate the character, and save the souls, as well as supply food for the brain of his pupils, is the highest influence in such college life, and without him the stream grows sluggish, the stones are not carried along, contact is not fresh and forceful. The small college with a faculty loving learning and serving God is the place in which college life reaches its freest and finest and fullest development. From such institutions we may hope to see men constantly coming forth valuing truth more than success, usefulness more than prosperity, and the service of God more than the service of self.

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